He doing ſo, put foorth to Seas,
Where when men bin, there's ſildome eaſe,
For now the winde begins to blow,
Thunder aboue, and deepes below,
Makes ſuch vnquiet, that the ſhip
Should houſe him ſafe, is wrackt and ſplit,
And he (good Prince) hauing all loſt,
By waues, from coaſt is toſt:
All periſhen of man of pelfe,
Ne ought eſcapen'd but himſelfe;
Till fortune tried with doing bad,
Threw him a ſhore to giue him glad:
And heere he comes; what ſhall be next.
Pardon old *Gower*, this long's the Text.

Enter Pericles wet.

Per. Yet ceaſſe your ire, your angry Stars of heauen
Winde, Raine, and Thunder: Remember earthly man
Is but a ſubſtance that muſt yeeld to you:
And I (as fits my nature) do obey you.
Alaſſe, the Seas hath caſt me on the Rockes,
Waſht me from ſhore to ſhore. and left my breath
Nothing to thinke on, but enſuing death:
Let it ſuffice the greatneſſe of your powers,
To haue bereft a prince of all his fortunes,
And hauing throwne him from your watry graue,
Here to haue death in peace, is all hee'l craue.

Enter three fiſhermen,

1. What, to pelch?
2. Ha, come and bring away the Nets.
1. What patch-breech, I ſay.
3. What ſay you Maſter?
1. Looke how thou ſtirreſt now.
Come away or Ile fetch thee with a wannion.
3. Faith Maſter, I am thinking of the poore men
That were caſt away before vs, euen now.

1. Alaſſe

1. Alaſſe poore ſoules, it
What pittifull cries they
When (welladay) we cou
3. Nay Maſter, ſaid not
When I ſaw the Porpas, h
They ſay, they are halfe fi
a plague on them, they nere
Maſter, I Marueil how the
1. Why as men do a l
The great ones eat vp the
I can compare our rich M
As to a Whale; he plaies
Driuing the poore Fry be
And at laſt deuoure them
Such whales haue I heard
who neuer leaue gaping,
The whole Pariſh, Church
Per. A pretty Morall.
3. But Maſter, if I had
I would haue bene that da
2. Why man?
3. Becauſe he ſhould ha
And when I had beene in h
I would haue kept ſuch a ia
That he would neuer haue
Till he caſt Bels ſteeple, Ch
But if the good King *Simo*
Per. Simonides?
3. We would purge the
That rob the Bee of her hon
Per. How from the fenn
Theſe fiſhers tell the infirm
And from there watry Em
All that may men approue,
Peace be at your labour, hon
2. Honeſt, good fellow,
Search out of the Kalender,

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